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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Eliza made her desperate retreat across the river just in the dusk of twilight. The gray mist of evening rising slowly from the river enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank, and the swoln current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley therefore slowly and discontentedly returned to the little tavern, to ponder further what was to be done. The woman opened to him the door of a little parlor, covered with a rag carpet, where stood a table with a very shining black oil-cloth, some lank, high-backed wood chairs, with some plaster images in resplendent colors on the mantel shelf, above a very dimly smoking grate; a long hard-wood settle extended its unhim down to meditate on the instability of human

d happiness in a -----What did I want with the little cuss, now he said to himself, "that I should have got myself treed like a coon, as I am this yer way ? and Haley relieved himself by repeating over a not very select litany of imprecations on himself, which, though there was the best possible reason to consider them as true, we shall, as a matter of

He was started by the loud and dissonant voice of a man who was apparently dismounting at the door. He hurried to the window-

"By the land-if this yer aint the nearest now to what I've heard folks call a Providence," said Haley, "I do b'lieve that ar's Tom Loker."

Haley hastened out. Standing by the bar, in the corner of the room, was a brawny, muscular man, full six feet in height, and broad in proportion. He was dressed in a coat of buffalo skin, made with the hair outward, which gave him a shaggy and fierce appearance, perfectly in keeping with the whole air of his physiognomy. In the head and face every organ and lineament expressive of brutal and unhesitating violence was a state of the highest possible development. adeed, could our readers fancy a bull-dog come under man's estate, and walking about in a hat and coat, they would have no unapt idea of the general style and effect of his physique. He was acrespects an exact contrast to himself. He was short and slender, lithe and cat-like in his mo tions, and had a peering, mousing expression about his keen black eyes, with which every fea ture of his face seemed sharpened into sympathyhis thin, long nose ran out as if it was eager to bore into the nature of things in general-his sleek, thin, black hair was stuck eagerly forward, and all his motions and evolutions expressed a dry, cautions acuteness. The great big man poured out a big tumbler half full of raw spirits, and gulped it down without a word. The little man stood tiptoe, and putting his head first to one side and then to the other, and snuffing considerately in the directions of the various bottles, ordered at last a mint julep, in a thin and quivering voice, and with an air of great circumspection. When poured out, he took it and looked at it with s sharp, complacent air, like a man who thinks he has done about the right thing, and hit the nail on the head, and proceeded to dispose of it in

short and well-advised sins "Wal now, who'd a-thought this yer luck 'a come to me! Why, Loker, how ar ye?" said Hs ley, coming forward, and extending his hand to

"The devil!" was the civil reply; "what brought you here, Haley?"

The mousing man, who bore the name Marks, instantly stopped his sipping, and poking his head forward, looked shrewdly on the new acquaintance, as a cat sometimes looks at a mov ing dry leaf, or some other possible object of pur

"I say, Tom, this yer's the luckiest thing in the world. I'm in a devil of a hobble, and you must help me out"

"Ugh? aw! like enough!" grunted his co placent acquaintance. "A body may be pretty sure of that when you're glad to see em; some thing to be made off of em. What's the blow "You've got a friend here!" said Haley, look

ing doubtfully at Marks; " partner, perhaps." Yes, I have. Here, Marks! here's that feller that I was in with in Natchez." " Shall be pleased with his acquaintance,"

Marks, thrusting out a long, thin hand, like a raven's claw. "Mr. Haley, I believe." "The same, sir," said Haley; "and now, ge

tlemen, seein as we've met so happily, I think Pll stand up to a small matter of a treat in this here parlor. So now, old coon, said he to the man a' the bar, get us hot water, and sugar, and cigars. and plenty of the real stuff, and we'll have a blow

Behold, then, the candles lighted, the fire stip ulated to the burning point in the grate, and our three worthies seated round a table, well spread with all the accessions to good fellowship enume

Haley began a pathetic recital of his peculia roubles. Loker shut up his mouth, and listened him with gruff and surly attention. Marks who was anxiously and with much fidgeting com ounding a tumbler of punch to his own peculiar aste, occasionally looked up from his employ ent, and poking his sharp nose and chin almos ato Haley's face, gave the most carnest heed t he whole narrative. The conclusion of it appeared to amuse him extremely, for he shook hi callers and sides in silence, and perked up his in lips with an air of great internal enjoyment then, ye'r fairly sewed up, aint ye ?" he aid, he' he! he! It's neatly done, too." This yer young-un business makes lot

rouhle in the trade," said Haley, dolefully. "If we could get a breed of gals that didn' now, for their young une," said Marks tell ye, I think 'twould be 'bout the greates nod'rn improvement I knows on"-and Marke atronized his joke by a quiet introductory snig

; young une is heaps of trouble to em; one think, now, they'd be glad to get clar on but they arnt. And the more trouble : ing un is, and the more good for nothing, as call thing, the tighter they cloke to em."

Lu-1, Mr. Haley," said Marks, jest pass the hot water. Yes, sir; you say jest what I feel and allys have. Now I bought a gal once, when I was in the trade-a light, likely wench she was,

too—and quite considerable smart, and she had a free to us as you, I hope—if you or Shelby wants young un that was mis'able sickly; it had a to chase us, look where the partridges wus last crocked back, or somethin or other; and I jest year—if you find them or us, you'r quite welyoung un that was mis'able sickly; it had a crocked back, or somethin or other; and I jest gin't away to a man that thought be'd take his chance raising on't, being it didn't cost nothinnever thought, yer know, of the gal's takin on
about it—but, Lord, yer oughter seen how she
went on. Why reely she did seem to me to valley the child more cause 'mas sickly and cross,
and plagued her—and she warnt making b'lieve,
naither—arised about it she did, and lonned round. oried about it, she did, and lopped round, as if she'd lost every friend she had. It reely was drole to think on't. Lord, there aint no end

women's notions."
"Wal, jet so with me," said Haley. "Last sum mer, down on Red river, I got a gal trailed off on me, with a likely lookin child enough, and his eyes looked as bright as yourn—but come to look, I found him stone blind. Fact—he was stone blind; wal, yer see, I thought there warnt no harm in my jest passin him along, and not sayin nothin; and I'd got him nicely swapped off for a hotain; and I'd got him interly swapped off for a keg o' whiskey; but come to get him away from the gal, she was jes like a tiger. So 'twas before we started, and I hadn't got my gang chained up—so what she do but ups on a cotton bale, like a cat, ketches a kuife from one of the deck hands, and I tell ye she made all fly for a minit—till she and I tell ye she made all fly for a minit—till she saw twant no use, and she jest turns round, and pitohes head first, young un and all, into the river—went down plump, and never ris."

"Bah!" said Tom Loker, who had listened to

these stories with ill-repressed disgust-"shif'less! both on ye! my gals don't cut up no such

"Indeed! how do you help it?" said Marks,

briskly.
"Help it! why, I buys a gal, and if she's got a young un to be sold, I jest walks up, and puts my fist to her face, and says, 'Look here, now, you give me one word out of your head, l'il smash yer face in. I won't hear one word—not the beginning of a word, I says to em, this yer young un's mine, and not yourn, and you've no kind o' business with it. I'm going to sell it,

no kind o' business with it. I'm going to sell it, first chance; mind, you don't cut up none o' yer shines about it, or I'll make ye wish ye'd never been born.' I tell ye, they sees it aint no play when I gets hold. I makes em as whist as fishes; mumble showing and gives a yelo why"—and Mr. Loker brought down his fist with a thump that fully explained the histus.

"That ar's what yer may call emphasis," Said Marks, poking Haley in the side, and going into another small giggle; "aint Tom peculiar? het he! I say, Tom, I spect you make em understand, for all niggers heads is woolly. They don't never have no doubt o' your meaning, Tom. If you aint the devil, Tom, you's his twin brother, I'll say that for ye!"

Tom received the compliment with becoming modesty, and began to look as affable as was con-

modesty, and began to look as affable as was con-sistent, as John Bunyan says, "with his doggish

Haley, who had been imbibing very freely of the staple of the evening, began to feel a sensible elevation and enlargement of his moral faculties a phenomenon not unusual with gentlemen of a serious and reflective turn, under similar circum-"Wal now, Tom," he said, "yer reely is too bad,

as I allers have telled you; yer know, Tom, you and I used to talk over these yer matters down in Natchez, and I used to prove to yer that we made full as much, and was as well off for this yer world, by treatin on em well, besides keepin a better chance for comin in kingdom at last, when wost comes to wost, and thar aint nothin else left to get, yer know."
"Boh," said Tom, "don't I know-don't make

me too sick with any yer stuff—my stomach is a leetle riled now;" and Tom drank half a glass of

"I say," said Haley, and leaning back in his chair and gesturing impressively, "I'll say this, now—I allers meant to drive my trade so's to make money on't, fust and foremost, as much as any man—but, then, trade aint everything, and money aint everything, cause we's all got souls; I don't care, now, who hears me say it—and I think a cussed sight on it—so I may as well come out with it. I b'lieve in religion, and one of these days, when I've got matters tight and snug, I calculates to tend to my soul and them ar matters, and so what's the use of doin any more wickedness than's reely necessary—it don't seem to me

Tend to yer soul," repeated Tom, contempt n you—save yourself any care on that score—it he devil sifts you through a hair sieve, he won't

Why, Tom, you'r cross," said Haley; can't ye take it pleasant, now, when a feller's talk-ing for your good?"
"Stop that ar jaw o yourn, there," said Tom,

gruffly. "I can stand most any talk o' yourn but your plous talk—that kills me right up. After all, what's the odds between me and you; taint that you care one bit more, or have a bit more celin—its clean, sheer, dog meanness, wanting to cheat the devil and save your own skin—don't I see through it. And you'r 'gettin religion,' as you call it, arter all, is too pisin mean for any crit-tur—run up a bill with the devil all your life

tur—run up a bill with the devil all your life, and then sneak out when pay-time comes. Boh!"
"Come, come, gentlemen, I say; this isn't business," said Marks. "There's different ways, you know, of looking at all subjects. Mr. Haley is a very nice man, no doubt, and has his own conscience; and Tom, you have your ways, and very good ones too, Tom; but quarrelling, you know, won't answer no kind of purposes—let's go to business. Now, Mr. Haley, what is it? you want us to undertake to catch this yes gal?" undertake to catch this yer gal."

"The gal's no matter of mine—she's Shelby's— it's only the boy; I was a fool for buying the

nonkey."
"You gen'lly are a fool," said Tom, gruffly. "Come, now, Loker, none of your huffs," said Marks, licking his lips, "you see Mr. Haley's a puttin us in a way of a good job, I reckon; just hold still—these yer arrangements is my forte; this yer gal, Mr. Haley, how is she? what is

"Wal! white and handsome-well brought up I'd a gin Shelby eight hundred or a thousand and then made well on her."

White and handsome, well brought up! Marks, his sharp eyes, nose, and mouth, all alive with enterprise. "Look here, now, Loker, a with enterprise. "Look here, now, beautiful opening—we'll do a better business here on our own account; we does the catchin—the toy of course goes to Mr. Haley, we takes the gal to Orleans to speculate on—aint it beautiful?"

Tom, whose great heavy mouth had stood ajar during this communication, now suddenly snapped t together, as a big dog closes his on a piece of teat, and seemed to be digesting the idea at his

"Ye see," said Marks to Haley, stirring his enich as he did so, "ye ree, we has justices conlittle jobs in our line quite reasonable. Tom, he does the knockin down and that ar; and I come in all dressed up—shining boots—everything first chop, when the swearin's to be done. You oughter re, now," said Marks, in a glow of professions ride, "how I can tone it off: one day I'm Mr Twickem, from New Orleans; nother day I'm just come from my plantation on Pearl river, where I works seven hundred niggers; then, sgain, I come out a distant relation of Henry Clay, or some old cook in Kentuck. Talents is different, you know; now Tom's a roarer when there's any thumping or fighting to be done; but at lying he sint good, Tom sint—ye see it don't come natural to him; but, Lord, if ther's a feller in the country that a swear to anything and everything, and put in all the circumstances and flourishes with a longer face, and carry't through better's I can, why, I'd like to see him—that's all! I b'lieve my heart I ke to see him—that's all! I b'lieve my heart oald get along and snake through, even if justice were more particular than they is. Sometimes I taker wish they was more particular, 'twould be heap more relishin if they was—more fun, yer

Tom Loker, who, as we have made it appear

was a man of slow thoughts and movements, here interrupted Marks by bringing his heavy fist down on the table, so as to make all ring again. "L''ll do!" he said.
"Lord bless ye, Tom, yer needn't break all the glasses," said Marks; "save your fist for time o' need."

"Rut centlemen sint I to come in for hts?" said Haley. "Aint it enough we catch the boy for ye?" said Loker—"what do ye want?"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I gives you the job, it's

"Now," said Loter, with a tremendous cath, and striking the table with his heavy fist, don't i know you, Dan Heley? Don't you think to come it over me? Suppose Marks and I have taken up the catchin trade jest to commodate gentlemen like you, and get nothing for curselves—not by a long chalk; we'll have the gal out and out, and you keep quiet, or, ye see, we'll have both—what's to hinder? Han't you show'd us the game—it's

"Oh, wal, certainly, jest let it go at that," said Haley, alarmed; "you catch the boy for the job— you allers did trade far with me, Tom, and was

would you pay us a cent—would you? I think I see you a doin it—ugh! No, no—flip down your fifty—if we get the job, and it pays, I'll hand it back—if we don't, it's for our trouble—that's

far, aint it, Marke?" "Certainly, certainly," said Marks, with a conciliatory tone; "it's only a retaining fee, you see, he! he! we lawyers, ye know. Wal, we must all keep good-natured—keep easy, yer know. Tom'll have the boy for yer, any where ye'll name—won't ye, Tom?"

"If I find the young un, I'll bring him on to Cincinnati, and leave him at Granny Belcher's, on

the lauding," said Loker.

Marks had got from his pocket a greasy pocketbook, and taking a long paper from thence, he sat
down, and fixing his keen, black eyes on it, began
mumbling over its contents: "Barnes — Shelby county-boy Jim 300 dollars for him-dead or

"Edwards—Dick and Lucy—man and wife, our dollars—wench Polly and Two the tart to, 900 for her or her head." "I'm jest a runnin over our business to see

"I'm jest a runnin over our business to see if we can take up this yer handily. Loker," he said, after a pause, "we must set Adams and Springer on the track of these yer—they've been booked some time."

"They'lf charge too much," said Tom.

"I'll manage that ar; they's young in the business, and must spect to work cheap," said Marks, as he continued to read. "Ther's three on em as he continued to read. "There three on emeasy cases, cause all you've got to do is to shoot em, or swear they is shot; they couldn't of course charge much for that. Them other cases," he said, folding the paper, "will bear puttin off a spell. So now let's come to the particulars. Now, Mr. Haley, you saw this yer gal when she land-

"To be sure—plain as I see you."
"And a man helpin on her up the bank?" sai

"To be sure I did."
"Most likely," said Marks, "she's took in tomewhere, but where, 's a question. Tom, what do vou say ?"

take," said Tom.
"But there's no boat about," said Marks. "The "Do'nne nothing bout that, only it's got to be done," said Tom, decidedly.

"Dear me," said Marks, fidgeting, "it'll be—

I say," he said, walking to the window, "it's dark

you want to lie by a day or two, till the gal's beor so, before you start."

"Oh, no; I sint a grain afraid," said Marks

"Only what?" said Tom.
"Well, about the boat. Yer see there ain

any boat. I heard the woman say there was one coming along this evening, and that a man was going to cross over in it; neck or nothing, we must go with him," said Tom. must go with him," said 1 om.
"I spose you've got good dogs," said Haley.
"First rate," said Marks. But what's the
use—you haint got nothin o' her's to smell on ?"

"Yes, I have," said Haley, triumphantly Here's her shawl she left on the bed in her hurry; she left her bonnet, too."
"That ar's lucky," said Loker; "fork over

"Though the dogs might damage the gal, they come on her unawars," said Haley. "That ar's a consideration," said Marks; "o

dogs fore a feller half to pieces once down in Mobile, fore we could get em off." "Well, ye see, for this sort that's to be sold for their looks that ar won't answer, ye see," said Haley.
"I do see," said Marks. "Besides, if she's go

took in, taint no go, neither. Dogs is no con these yer up States, where these critturs gets car-ried; of course, ye can't get on their track. They only does down in plantations where niggers when they runs, has to do their own running

"Well," said Loker, who had just stepped out able quarters he was leaving, but slowly rose to obey. After exchanging a few words of further

arrangement, Haley, with visible reluctance handed over the fifty dollars to Tom, and th worthy trio separated for the night. If any of our refined and Christian readers of ject to the society into which this scene intro-duces them, let us beg them to begin and conquer their prejudices in time. The catching business, we beg to remind them, is rising to the dignity of a lawful and patriotic profession. If all the broad land between the Mississippi and the Pacific becomes one great market for bodies and souls, and human property retains the locomotive tenden-cies of this nineteenth century, the trader and

catcher may yet be among our aristocracy. While this scene was going on at the tavern. Sam and Andy, in a state of high felicitation,

Sam was in the highest possible feather, and expressed his exultation by all sorts of supernatural howls and ejaculations, by diversodd motions and contortions of his whole system. Sometimes he would sit backward, with his face to times he would sit backward, with his face to the horse's tail and sides, and then with a whoop and a somerset come right side up in his place again, and, drawing on a grave face, begin to lec-ture Andy in high-sounding tones for laughing and playing the fool. Anon, slapping his sides with his arms, he would burst forth in peals of laughter that made the old woods ring as they passed. With all these evolutions he contrived to keep the horses up to the top of their speed, until between ten and eleven their heels resound-ed on the gravel at the end of the balcony. Mrs. Shelby flew to the railings.

Shelby flow to the railings.
"Is that you, Sam? Where are they?"
"Mass'r Haley's a restin at the tavern; drefful fatigued, missis."

"And Elisa, Sam?"

"Wal, she's clar cross Jordan. As a body may say, in the land o' Canaan."

say, in the land o' Canaan."

"Why, Sam, what do you mean?" said Mrs. Shelby, breatbless, and almost faint, as the pos-Shelby, breathless, and almost faint, as the pos-sible meaning of these words came over her.

"Wal, missis, de Lord he persarves his own.
Elisy's done gone over the river into Hio, as markably as if the Lord took her over in a char-rit o' fire and two hosses"

Sam's vein of piety was always uncommonly

Sam's vein of plety was always uncommonly fervent in his mistress's presence, and he made grest capital of Soriptural figures and images.

"Come up here, Sam?" said Mr. Shelby, who had followed on to the verandah, "and tell your mistress what she wants. Come, come, Emily," said he, passing his arm round her, "you are cold and all in a shiver; you allow yourself to feel too graph."

"Feel too much! Am not I a wom

"Feel too much! Am not I a woman? a mother! Are we not both responsible to God for this poor girl? My God! lay not this sin to our charga."

"What sin, Emily! you see yourself that we have only done what we were obliged to."

"There's an awful feeling of guilt about it, though," said Mrs. Shelby. "I can't reason it away."

"Here, Andy, you nigger, be alive," called Sam, under the verandsh; "take these yer hose as to der barn; don't ye hear mass'r a callin?" and Sam soon appeared, palm-leaf in hand, at the parlor door.

"Wal, mass'r, I saw her with my own eyes a crossin on the floatin ice. She crossed most markably; it wasn't no less nor a miracle, and I saw a man help her up the Hio side, and then she was lost in the dusk."

Sam, I think this rather apocryphal - this

you allers did trade far with me, Tom, and was up to yer word."

"Ye know that," said Tom; "I don't pretend none of your snivelling ways, but I won't lie in my counts with the devil himself. What I ses I'll do I will do—you know that, Dan Haley."

"Jes so, jes so—I said so, Tom," said Haley, "and if you'd only promise to have the boy for me in a week, at any point you'll name, that's all I want."

"Sam, I think this rather apocryphal — this miracle. Crossing on floating ice isn't so easily done." said Mr. Shelby.

"Easy! couldn't nobody a done it widout de Lord. Why, now," said Sam, 4 'twas jist dis yer way. Mass'r Haley and me and Andy, we comes up to de little tavern by the river, and I rides a leetle ahead, (l's so zeslous to be a cotchin Lizy that I couldn't hold in no way;) and when I comes by the tavern winder, sure enough there she was right in plain. "But it aint all I want, by a long jump," said
Tom. "Ye don't think I did business with you,
down in Natchez, for nothing, Haley. I've
learned to hold an eel when I catch him; you've
got to fork over fifty dollars, flat down on this learned to hold an eel when I catch him; you've got to fork over fifty dollars, flat down, or this child don't start a peg. I know yer."

"Wby, when you have a job in hand that may bring a clean profit of somewhere about a thousand or sixteen hundred, why, Tom, you'r onreasonable," said Haley.

"Yes, and hasn't we business booked for five weeks to come—all we can do—and suppose we leaves all, and goes to bushwhacking round arter yer young un, and finally doesn't eatch the gal—and gals allers is the devil to catch; what's then—would you pay us a cent—would you? I think I see you a does to be when I said a does to be went, a correction and a cent—would you? I think I see you a does to be when I said then on she went, a correction and a cent—would you? I think I see you a does to be when I said the current on the ice, and then on she went, a correction and a correction on the ice, and then on she went, a correction and a correctio g'wallop! cracking! chunk! and she a boundin like a buck! Lord, the spring that ar gal's got

in her aint common, I'm o' pinion."

Mrs. Shelby sat perfectly silent, pale with excitement, while Sam told his story.

"God be praised, she isn't dead!" she said;
"but where is the poor child now!"

"De Lord will pervide," said Sam, rolling up his eyes piously. "As I'vo been a sayin, dis yer's a providence, and no mistake, as missis has allers been a instructin on us. Thar's allers instru-ments ris up to do de Lord's will. Now, if'd hadn't been for me today, she'd a been to hadn't been for me to-day, she'd a been took a dozen times. Warnt it I started off de hosses dis yer mornin, and kept em chasin till nigh dinner time? And didn't I car mass'r Haley nigh five miles out of de road dis evening, or else he'd a come up with Lizy as easy as a dog arter a coon. "They are a kind of providences that you'll bly dispersed.

have to be pretty sparing of, master Sam. I allow no such practices with gentlemen on my place," said Mr. Shelby, with as much sternness as he could command under the circumstances.

Now, there is no more use in making believe be Now, there is no more use in making believe be angry with a negro than with a child; both in-stinctively see the true state of the case through all attempts to affect the contrary; and Sam was in no wise disheartened by this rebuke, though he assumed an air of deleful gravity, and stood with the corners of his mouth lowered in most peniten-ticl state.

tial style.
"Mass'r's quite right—quite; it was ugly on me—there's no disputin that ar; and of course mass'r and missis wouldn't encourage no such works. I'm sensible of dat ar; but a poor nigger like me's maxin tempted to act ugly sometin when fellers will cut up such shines as dat ar mass'r Haley; he aint no gen'l'man, no way; any-body's been raised as I've been can't help a seein

"Well, Sam," said Mrs. Shelby, "as you appear to have a proper sense of your errors, you may go now and tell Aunt Chloe she may get you ome of that cold ham that was left of dinner today. You and Andie must be hungry."
"Missis is a heap too good for us," said Sam

making his bow with alacrity, and departing.

It will be perceived, as has been before intimated, that master Sam had a native talent that might undoubtedly have raised him to eminence in political life—a talent of making capital out of on his head with a sort of ratios, free-and-easy air, and proceeded to the desinions of Aunt Chice, with the intention of flourishing largely in

the kitchen.
"Pil speechify these yer niggers," said Sam to now I've got a chance. Lord, I'll reel

it off to make em stare."

It must be observed that one of Sam's especial lelights had been to ride in attendance on his master to all kinds of political gatherings, where, roosted on some rail fence, or perched aloft in some tree, he would sit watching the orators with the greatest apparent gusto, and then, descending among the various brethren of his own color assembled on the same errand, he would edify and delight them with the most ludicrous burlesques and imitations, all delivered with the most imperturbable earnestness and solemnity; and though the auditors immediately about him were generally of his own color, it not unfrequently happen-ed that they were fringed pretty deeply with those of a fairer complexion, who listened, laugh-ing and winking, to Sam's great self-congratulation. In fact, Sam considered oratory as his voca-tion, and never let slip an opportunity of magni

fying his office.

Now, between Sam and Aunt Chloe there had existed, from ancient times, a sort of chronic feud, or rather a decided coolness; but, as Sam was editating something in the provision departmen as the necessary and obvious foundation of his operations, he determined on the present occasion to be eminently conciliatory; for he well knew that although "missis' orders" would undoubted that although "missis orders" would undoubtedly be followed to the letter, yet he should gain a
considerable deal by enlisting the spirit also. He
therefore appeared before Aunt Chloe with a
touchingly subdued, resigned expression, like one
who has suffered immeasurable hardships in behalf of a persecuted fellow creature — enlarged
upon the fact that missis had directed him to come to Aunt Chloe for whatever might be wanting make up the balance in his solids and fluids—ar the supremacy in the cooking department, and all thereto pertaining.

The thing took accordingly. No poor, simple, virtuous body was ever cajoled by the attentions of an electioneering politician with more case than Aunt Chloe was won over by master Sam's

suavities; and if he had been the prodigal son himself, he could not have been overwhelmed with more maternal bountifulness; and he soon found himself seated, happy and glorious, over a found himself seated, happy and glorious, over a large tin pan containing a sort of olla podrida of all that had appeared on the table for two or three days past. Savory morsels of ham, golden blocks of corn cake, fragments of pie of every conceivable mathematical figure, chicken wings, gizzards, and drumsticks, all appeared in picturesque confusion, and Sam, as monarch of all he surveyed, sit with his palm-leaf cocked rejoicingly to one side, and patronizing Andy at his right hand.

The kitchen was full of all his compeers, who had hurried and crowded in from the various cabins to hear the termination of the day's exploits. ins to hear the termination of the day's exploits.

Now was Sam's hour of glory. The story of the day was rehearsed, with all kinds of ornsment and varnishing which might be necessary to heighten its effect—for Sam, like some of our fashionable dilletanti, never allowed a story to lose any of its gilding by passing through his hands. Roars of laughter attended the narration, and were taken up and prolonged by all the smaller fry, who were lying in any quantity about on the floor, or perched in every corner. In the height of the uproar and laughter, Sam, however, preserved an immovable gravity—only from time preserved an immovable gravity—only from time to time rolling his eyes up, and giving his audi-tors divers inexpressible droll glances, without departing from the sententious elevation of his

vating a turkey's leg with energy; "yer see, now what dis yer chile's up ter, for fendin yer allyes, all on yer. For him as tries to get one o' our people, is as good as tryin to get all; yer see the principle's de same—dat ar's clar. And any one o' these yer drivers that comes smelling round arter any our people, why, he's got me in his way; I'm the feller he's got to set in with—I'm the feller for yer all to come to, bred'ren—I'll stand up for yer rights—I'll fend em to the last breath." "Why, but Sam, yer telled me only this morning that you'd help this yer mass'r to cotch Lizy—seems to me yer talk don't hang together," said

superiority, "don't yer be a takin bout what yer don't know nothin on; boys like you, Andy, means well, but they can't be spected to collustate the great principles of action."

Andie looked rebuked, particularly by the hard word collustate, which most of the youngerly members of the company seemed to consider as a settler in the case, while Sam proceeded.

"Dat or was conscience, Andy; when I thought f gwine arter Lizy, I railly spected mass'r was at dat way. When I found missi's was sot the sot dat way. When I found miner yet — cause contrar, dat ar was conscience more yet — cause fellors allors gets more by stickin to missis side fellors allors gets more by stickin to missis side.

rinciples," said Sam, giving an enthusiastic toss to a chicken's neck-" what's principles good fur, if we isn't persistent, I wanter know? Thar, Andy, you may have dat ar bone—taint picked quite clean." Sam's audience hanging on his words with open

mouth, he could not but proceed-"Dis yer matter bout persistence, feller-nig-gers," said Sam, with the air of one entering into

an abstruse subject, "dis yer 'sistency 's a thing what aint seed into very clar, by most anybody. Now, yer see, when a feller stands up for a thing one day and night, de contrar de next, folks see, (and nat'rally enough dey ses.) why he aint per-sistent—hand me dat ar bit o' corn cake, Andy. But let's look inter it : I hope the gen'imen and der fair sex will scuse my usin an ornary sort o' parison. Here! I'm a tryin to get top o' der hay. Wal, I puts up my larder dis yer side; taint no go; den cause I don't try dere no more, but puts my larder right de contrar side, aint I persistent I'm persistent in wantin to get up which ary side my larder is, don't you see, all on yer?"

I'm persistent in wantin to get up which ary side my larder is, don't you see, all on yer?"

"It's the only thing ye ever was persistent in, Lord knows," muttered Aunt Chioe, who was getting rather restive; the merriment of the evening being to her somewhat after the Scripture comparison—like "vinegar upon nitre"

"Yes, indeed!" said Sam, rising, full of supper and glory, for a closing effort. "Yes, my feller-citizens and ladies of de other sex in general.

and gtory, for a closing effort. "Yes, my feller-citizens and ladies of de other sex in general, I has principles—I'm proud to 'con em—they 's per-quisite to dese yer times, and ter all times. I has principles, and I sticks to em like forty—jest any thing that I thinks is principle, I goes in to't—I wouldn't mind if dey burnt me live like dat ar old coon dar missus was a showin us in der catechise. I'd walk right up to de stake, I would, and say, here I comes to shed my last blood for my principles, fur my country, fur der gen'l interests of sciety."
"Well," said Aunt Chloe, "one o' yer princi-

ples will have to be to get ter bed some time ter night, and not be a keepin everybody up till mornin; now, every one of you young uns that don't want to be cracked, had better be scase mighty sudden."
"Niggers! all on yer," said Sam, waving his

palm-leaf with benignity, "I give yer my blessin; go to bed now, and be good byys"

For the National Era. ILL-STARRED .- PART FIRST.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY PATTY LEE.

as I am not writing poetry, I don't feel at liberty to say there were, though I would fain give the persons of whom I write all the pleasant accessions that come within the limits of rural probability. The eldest of these persons was Mr. Claverel, a thin, pale man of about five-and-forty; the other three were his sons, two of them stout young men of nineteen and twenty-one, the other two or three years older, and of much thinner and slighter proportions. The youngest two, David and Oliver, were moving slowly in a halfbent posture over the thick, green swaths which they cut as they proceeded, and Mr. Claverel followed a little behind, pitching and tossing and Claverel; and for the first time in his life be making hay. His long, sandy hair, parted in front and combed back either way, was wet with though he really felt kindly, told her to go back perspiration, and hung down his neck in half-to the house, and never come into the harvest field ourled slips; and, though the heat twinkled and again through such sunshine. Mrs. Claverel put outer shirt an under one of red flannel, an indispensable article of his apparel always. His vest and trowsers were of some dark, woollen material; and thick, heavy boots, and a broad-brimmed black fur hat-for he wore no cost-completed his costume. The sun was some two or three hours on the western slope, and they had been at work hard and in silence since noon, when Mr. Claverel, looking up, perceived that one of the mowers was missing, and, throwing down his rake and taking from his hat a handkerchief of red silk, dotted with little white spots, he wiped his face and hands, and, climbing on to a winrow of hay, looked eagerly about the field, which was cut diagonally by a deep hollow, so that a considerable portion was still out of view. His bright, blue eyes sparkled anger as he failed to discover the object of his search, for he was a man of quick passions; and he called angrily, first to one and

then to the other of the sons at work, to make inquiry about the other. "He says his scythe is so dull he can't work." said David, sheltering his eyes and looking at his

father, who replied-"I guess most likely he is so dull himself he can't work. Tell him to make his scythe sharp, if it's dull. Does he expect it will sharpen

itself?" "I don't know, sir," said David ; "I know mine don't," and, bending down, he resumed his task. Mr. Claverel paused for a moment, perplexed, nd then, adjusting his handkerchief within his hat, so that one corner was visible over the left eye, he set off in the direction of a stunted walnut that grew within the hollow of which I spoke. The slope was no sooner gained than he perceived, stretched at full length in the shadow, and surrounded by the tall grass, the truant son. His nead was raised upon one hand, and in the other he held a stick with which he was coiling and incoiling a black snake, which he seemed recent-

ly to have killed. "Is that you, Richard ?" said the father, in

one indicative of no very pleasant humor. "Yes, sir," said the idler, partly rising, for he stood in fear of his father, and then, ashamed of having betrayed such feeling, sank back, and resumed his sport; and Mr. Claverel continued-

"Is this the way you expect to earn your bread? Why, you don't earn your salt!" Richard made no reply, and his father, coming a little earer, said-" Why are you not at work?

He that would thrive must rice at five, He that has thriven may lie till seven! for he had always some wise saw of this sort

his command ; to which Richard answered that he was not well; to which Mr. Claverel merely echoed, incredulously, "Not well!" and then added, "if you had been reading in place of playing with snakes, you might have learned that-Early to bed, and early to rise, But if you are really sick, sir, (this was a formali-

ty Mr. Claverel always used when speaking to a child with whom he was displeased,) go to the house and bring a coffee pot of cold water to the field. Do you think, sir, you have strength enough to do that ?" Richard said nothing, but, slowly rising, pro needed to obey directions. A little ashamed the deceit he had practiced, he walked very slowly, and as though it was with great difficulty he

could walk at all. He saw his two brothers prevely fronting the sun, and looked very intently in an opposite direction, for some pangs of conscience disturbed him; then as he walked on he tried to make excuses to himself by saying that his scythe was too dull to admit of his working, and that in fact he was not well at any rate. He was not, however, self-deceived, and secretly resolved that when he should have taken the coffee pot of water to the field he would resume the mowing, and work heartily till night.

He was constitutionally opposed to labor, and really believed himself possessed of talents which the most unfortunate combination of circumstances continually crushed down. In fact, he had intellectual gifts in some sort-enough to make him dissatisfied with the position of a mere manual worker, but not enough to lift him out of

intelligent, pains-taking farmer-his two younger sons a little dull and plodding, but contented and industrious-but Richard he often said was the millstone hanged about his neck. On the day I write of he had, as I said, resolved to go back and mow till night, though it should kill him, as he said to himself; not that there was any reasonable grounds for such unhappy fears—his appetite was uniformly good, and his sleep sound. Nevertheless, the feeling was really genuine, and whenever there was no possibility of escape he fell back upon that neble resolution, and said though it killed him he would do it.

mother concealed his faults as much as possible,

and magnified the little ailments of which he

affected to have a great many, thus screening

him from the work he so despised. Nevertheless,

he was sometimes goaded by his conscience, some-

times by his father's anger, into reluctant drag-

ging through a task, on which occasions he never

The old oaken bucket came up from the well dripping with coolness, and the bright, trim cof-fee pot was filled to overflowing. He hesitated he didn't know precisely why—the heat twinkled over the dusty stubbles in a forbidding way—the low, spreading apple tree dropped its cool shad-ows on the stone pavement by the door very pleasantly—a little way off, benesth a shed of clapboards, his mother was baking current pies and ginger cakes—the strings of her cap were untied, and the towel she wore as an apron cov-ered with flour — she looked very warm and tired, but patient still; and when she saw Rich-

ard standing by the well with his coffee pot of water poised on the curb, she smiled, and, coming towards him, asked if he was sick again.
"Not much," said he, smiling graciously, as it were through much pain, for he meant that his mouder envoice uncersary was at sick in

spite of his assertion to the contrary.

"Poor boy," same see, putting her hands on his forehead, "you have some fever. You must sit here in the shade, for you don't look a bit well, and are not able to go to the field." "But I must take this water," suggested Richard, "for father is angry because I stopped work;

The July sun was oppressively hot—no breath of air stirred the dusty leaves, and the clouds, light and fleecy, gave no indication of rain. There were no bird songs to cheer the hay-makers; and as I am not writing poetry, I don't feel at liberty rheumatism, was speedily brought, and, having inhaled some of its odor, the sick man professed himself better, upon which the kind-hearted but mistaken woman brought forth one of the fresh-baked pies, the delicious fragrance of which tempted him to try to ent-making which at-tempt she left him, and herself carried the water to the field

O, Dolly, what brought you here ?" exclaimed Mr. Claverel, throwing down his rake and hur-rying toward his wife, who, sweating under her

burden, a coffee pot of water and a current pie, was approaching.
Explanations followed, but the story of Richcalled his wife a foolish woman, and in a tone that had in it less of tenderness than harshness, angry, but "her feelings were hurt." She had been all day busily at work; and as she went forth tired and worn, promised herself an over-recomposes—the consciousness of happiness conferred. She was disappointed; and as she turned away, more than one tear moistened the olive check that had long since, in the struggle and turmoil of life, lost all its roses. She saw not the flock of twenty lambs that started up be fore her from the fence corners, and with horns curling over their ears ran, closely huddled together, down the dusty lane; nor yet a little fur-ther on the beautiful doves, milk white and soft brown, and with gold and purple flashing from their wings and bosoms, plump and round, that with nodding crests walked a little way before her, and then, as her step came too near, with a sudden whirr and rustle, flew to the accustomed shed, and settled themselves in a long, silent row. At the spring near the old bridge two cows were At the spring near the old bridge two cows were drinking—another time they would have made a gentle and comfort-speaking picture—now they were meaningless; and passing on, over a little hill, and through a gate, and past the tall, slender pear tree, from the cone-like top of which the bright, shining feathers of a peacock were trailing down the sunshine, she reached the porch, and sat down in the shadow of the apple tree. Home was no refuge and no shelter from sorrow, a place to tail and to suffer in—that was all it.

s place to toil and to suffer in-that was ail emed just then. Richard, with the camphor bottle in one hand and a large volume in the other, sat with his chair thrust back upon two feet, and his head leaned against the wall, reading and yawning al-ternately. An old brown hen, with ruffled feath-ers, and a strip of red flannel tied to her tail, (a device adopted by housewives sometimes to break up untimely "settings,") was picking the crumbs from the dish which had held the pie. The young man did not offer his mother the chair on which he sat, though no other was near, nor notice her in any way until she asked him if he felt better; upon which he muttered, half-inaudibly, that he didn't know as he did. This was the truth, inasmuch as he had not been ill at all, and he took some credit to himself for having said so.
"What are you reading?" said Mrs. Claverel,

Presently.

Richard made no reply, other than by turning the back of the volume toward her, thus present-ing to her view the device of a wind-mill in brigh , knowing very well that it would convey no dea to her mind, or at least not the coreect one She made no further inquiry, however, feeling that it was some lesson of wisdom altogether beyond her apprehension, arose, and went about her

dy side of a hay-stack, eating the currant pie and drinking from the coffee pot of cold water, while Mr. Claverel continued vigorously pitching the hay into long green ridges—he didn't want any-

thing to eat.

By little and little the heat diminished, till at last the sun rested in the topmost fork of a huge oak that threw its shadow far across the hay field.

Mrs. Claverel was laying her cloth for supper under the low porch, when Richard, putting down his book with a look of disgust, said he ould write a better one himself. Mrs. Claverel smiled, and said, " Pil dare say

out what is your book, son ?" Richard put his finger on the wind-mill again saying, "I showed you once," and left the house, muttering something to himself about the simple set he lived with. His father, he knew, would shortly be at home, and he must either pretend to have recovered and go to work, or affect sick and go to bed, else put himself out of reach of the storm of wrath which sooner or later was

already received. Mounted upon a little bay horse which he called Buckcephalus, (Bucephalus,) and the rest of the family Richard's horse, he soon appeared before the door, and, suffering his mother to draw a bucket of water for the pawing charger on which he sat, said, with an air of mingled impu-dence and importance, "If the old man wants to know where I am, tell him I am gone to Jerusa-

lem."

To say "father," made him appear boyish, and as though under restraint, he fancied—hence the adoption of that elegant appellation, "old man."
This, though shocking to the feelings of his mother, she did not reprove, partly from the blind love she bore her son, and partly from her dread of domestic cruptions. And up to this time, Mr. Claverel had been kept in ignorance of half the fill temper and ill behaviour of his eldest son.

The cloud of dust had conventy discounted.

wing, and work heartily till night.

was constitutionally opposed to labor, and believed himself possessed of talents which lost unfortunate combination of circums continually crushed down. In fact, he atellectual gifts in some sort—enough to him dissatisfied with the position of a mere all worker, but not enough to lift him out of consisting simply of washing face and hands in a large tub of water which always stood by the muslim aleeves over the red ones, which, during the hours of labor, were always rolled back to the elbow, bottoming his vest, and combing his hair—

books as came in his way, rarely appreciatively, an example regularly imitated by the younger sons. Richard thought all out-of-doors too large a dressing room, and made his personal renova-

pathize with him in the least, no one to give to bis mind the bent it was capable of. True, his was useless, the inward sorrow had worked itself to the surface. Mr. Claverel, who understood it all, made some unusual manifestations of tender-

There, Dolly," said he, offering her the easy chair, which was always at "his place," but she shook her head negatively; whereupon the troubled husband reached for the wand of feathers with which she sedulously brushed away the flies, without giving herself time to partake of the failed to curse the evil star that made him a nice supper she had spread. But Mrs. Claverel lown and a drudge. Mr. Claverel was an active. had the headache, and "didn't want a mouthful." She had too much to do," Mr. Claverel said; and soon as he was through the hurry of harvest he would set about finding a "girl." Mrs. Claverel bent her head lower and lower, as if sipping her tea, but the kind manner and words of her husband quite overcame her; and abruptly leav-ing the table, she retired to her own chamber where, after some natural tears, thinking, it must be owned, a little hardly of her husband, she began to blame circumstances, and finally only blamed herself, like the simple-minded, kindhearted woman that she was. Having opened the shutters and drawn the arm-chair to the table on which lay the newspaper and the Bible, she trim-med the lamp, and with some forther arrangements especially with reference to the comfort of her husband, she descended with the most amiable manner imaginable. Mr. Claverel was groping about in the thickening twilight, for he c not find the lamp, in awkward attempts to get the

tea things out of the way.
"Is that you, Dolly?" he said, for he was surprised to see her, and especially in so genial a mood, for she was actually humming,

"When I can read my title o'ear To mansions in the skies," &c.

"Yes, Samuel, it is me," she said, pausing in the middle of the stanza, and removing the teapot from the table to the cupboard, while Mr. Claverel, his dejected countenance guidenly illumined, performed a like office for the sugar-bowl, joining the,

And wipe my weeping eyes.

When the hymn was concluded, they talked " the warm weather, of the harvest, and of the neighbors, both carefully avoiding the subject up-permost in their thoughts.

At last Mr. Claverel said, "I wish I had ap-prenticed Richard to the blacksmith's trade, long

go- fast bind, fast find,' you know, Dolly; where is the boy ?" Mrs. Claverel didn't say he had gone to Jerusalem, but that she guessed likely he was gone to get some new shoes set on his horse.

"He is a had hoy, Dolly," said the father.
"Not so bad, but unfortunate," said the mothr; "it seems as if he has bad luck in everything he undertakes. Poor boy, he is not able to work, but he has such a love of books; hadn't we better send him to college, Sammy ?"

The suggestion gave rise to a considerable discussion; for Mr. Claverel could not see it in precisely the same light which his wife saw it. "Richard," he said, "did not like delving in the

sile much, and he feared he would not work in the mental field much better."
"But," urged the mother, "if he can't do one thing, perhaps he can another. I am sure we ought to give him a chance." Here she took from the bureau two new red flannel shirts, saying, as she laid them in the lap of her husband-"Did you ever see such a pretty red? But don't you think, Sammy, we ought to do as I said about

Mr. Claverel idolized flannel shirts-especially red flannel. He felt of the soft texture, held them up admiringly, as he said —"If the virtoo of red flannel was known, there would be no need

Richard 77

s pound of cure,' Dolly "
"But what do you think about Richard?" said Mrs. Claverel, "you know better than I do. Beautiful shirts, beautiful ! "

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORIGIN OF DEMOCRACY.

The next week Richard went to college.

To the Editor of the National Era . The position taken by Rev. Alexander Campbell, in reference to the doctrines of the Declara tion of Independence, and upon which you remark in your last paper, seems to me to be alto-gether untenable. The spirit of the Gospel and the spirit of Democracy are identical-one fol lows the other as naturally as cause and effect. Some time since, a writer in the Methodist Quar-terly Review showed that Democracy was the Government instituted by God himself for the

government of his ancient people. He says:
"The very symbol of a king or a monarchy in prophecy is not destitute of significance. It is true we connot found any great weight of argument on this fact, owing to the obscurity that rests on the whole doctrine of symbols; but still is manifest that some resemblance, more or less, exists between the symbol and the thing a lion and a lamb, to indicate prominent, and al-most opposite, attributes in his character. The symbol of a king or monarchy we find usually to be a beast, and not a domestic or useful animal but a wild beast, fierce, heartless, and cruel thirsting for blood and rapine; gorged with inocent flesh; greedy of spoil; living by plunder and treachery; solitary, grim, and suspicious prowling in the darkness, and hating light. * * The question is at least worthy of consideration whether, had such systems been regarded as blessings, they would have been set forth by such symbol; and whether the adoption of such im agery does not indicate an unfavorable estimate of those to whom it was applied to describe their destinies.

"But the actual predictions of these prophecies

evince this point still more distinctly. clared in that mystic chart of the world's history that but few great overshadowing monarchies shall ever exist on the earth—the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, either in its ancient form, in which case it has been destroyed, or in its ten-horns, that yet ex-ist, until they shall have filled up the measure of their wickedness. It is distinctly declared that alliance of church and State—the union of the two beasts under Constantine the Great—has been the prolific cause of the evil and darkness that have settled on the church; and that the days of her millennial glory will probably not ar-rive until that unboly alliance shall, be broken and the call shall go forth to summon the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, to feast on the flesh and blood of kings and nobles and great men and captains; or, in other words, until these systems of lordly and arrogant assumptions have come to a bloody and untimely end. Would the downfall of these systems of Government be pre-dicted, if they were regarded as blessings? Does this prediction indicate nothing concerning the estimate set by the Bible on systems like those which oppose republicanism?

"But suppose, in addition to all this, that God

were distinctly to reveal his will on the subject

of Government, and give a nation some form of

olity, would not this be the highest possible evilence of his approbation of that form ? embodied that form in the Bible, could we ask any further proof of this point? Even this we can furnish. God did give to a nation a form of Government; and what was its nature, so far as men had the conducting of it? It was a Republic. The Hebrew Commonwealth, though a the-ocracy in its relation to God, was, in its relations to man, nothing more nor less than a Confedera-ted Republic, very similar to that of the United The tribes had each a separate and in-States. The tribes had each a separate and in-dependent Government, and possessed well-de-fined State rights. Over the whole was a Gene-fined State rights. ral Government, exercising distinct jurisdiction, and composed of four elements. These were the oracle to which there is nothing corresponding in the United States Government, as it is not a thethe United States Government, as it is not a theocracy: the chief magistrate or judge, corresponding with the President, and like him, not a hereditary, but an elected officer; the senate or
sanhedrim of elders, answering to the Federal
Senate; and the congregation of Israel, or the
national diet, which, in its popular representative
character, resembled the House of Representatives. The people possessed all the original power of Government, and exercised it as to some er of Government, and exercised it as to some Governmental acts, more directly and primarily than can be done under the Constitution of the United States. But to balance this popular ele-ment, there existed the tribe of Levi, which acted ment, there existed the tribe of Levi, which acted
the as a check or great balance wheel in the system,
analogous to our Judiciary. It would be interesting, if space permitted, to trace the various elements of this ancient Republic, which existed
when Rome and Athens were the abode of the

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for he had not strength and grasp of mind sufficient to enable him to get thoroughly at the truth tions within his own chamber of things. He had no one to encourage or sym-Mrs. Claverel dispensed the fragrant tes in